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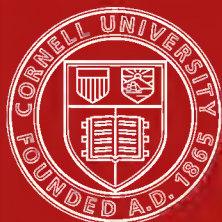
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THE  
COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

BY  
SAMUEL DANIEL.  
//

AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THE EARLIEST KNOWN  
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J. PAYNE COLLIER.



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LONDON, 1870.  
E.V.

RP





## INTRODUCTION.

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THE peculiarities of this impression (probably the earliest) of Daniel's most popular poem were, we believe, first pointed out in the "Bibliographical and Critical Account of Rare Books," 8vo, 1865, I. 170. The "Rosamond" in this form exists only in a single copy appended to the same author's "Delia," 1592; but as it has no separate title-page, the precise date when it originally appeared is uncertain.

The fact seems to be that Daniel wrote his "Complaint of Rosamond" between the years 1585 and 1591: he subsequently collected his scattered love-sonnets; and having printed them under the title of "Delia" in 1592, he added to them his previously published "Complaint of Rosamond," so that they were then sold together by Waterson, the stationer.

Some of the earliest copies of "Delia" are followed by the second impression of "Rosamond", and such was the case with the reproduction we issued a few months ago. We therefore now reprint the oldest known copy of "The Complaint of Rosamond."

The differences between the two impressions of the "Complaint" will be found numberless: in some places words and lines were substituted, and in one instance nineteen consecutive stanzas were added, while others were separately inserted: thus, in the typographical fac-simile here offered to the reader, the first thoughts and expressions of the great poet are preserved.

J. P. C.



# THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

( \* \* )

OVT from the horror of infernall deepes,  
My poore afflicted ghost comes heere to plaine it :  
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepest,  
The spot wherewith my kinde, and youth did staine it :  
My body found a graue where to containe it,  
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,  
For Fame finds neuer tombe t' inclose it in.

And which is worse, my foule is nowe denied,  
Her transport to the sweet Elisean rest,  
The ioyfull blisse for ghosts repurified,  
Th' euer springing Gardens of the blest,  
*Caron* denies me waftage with the rest.  
And fayer my foule can neuer passe that Riuer,  
Till Louers sighes on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe ; for how should I  
Procure this sacrifice amongst the liuing ?  
Time hath long since worne out the memorie,  
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriuing :  
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.

*Rosamond* hath little left her but her name,  
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the fame.

## THE COMPLAINT

No Muse suggests the pittie of my case,  
Each penne dooth ouerpasse my iust complaint,  
Whilst others are preferd, though farre more base :  
Shores wife is grac'd, and pass'es for a Saint ;  
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint ;  
Her well-told tale did such compassion finde,  
That she is pass'd, and I am left behinde.

Which feene with grieve, my myserable ghost,  
(*Whilome* inuested in so faire a vaile,  
Which whilst it liu'd, was honoured of the most,  
And being dead, giues matter to bewaile)  
Comes to sollicit thee, since others faile,  
To take this taske, and in thy wofull Song  
To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I knowe thy iust lamenting Muse,  
Toylde in th' affliction of thine owne distresse,  
In others cares hath little time to vse,  
And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse :  
Yet as thy hopes attend happie redresse,  
Thy ioyes depending on a womans grace,  
So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

*Delia*

OF ROSAMOND.

*Delia* may happe to deynge to read our story,  
And offer vp her sigh among the rest,  
Whose merit would suffice for both our glorie,  
Whereby thou might'ft be grac'd, and I be blest,  
That indulgence would profit me the best ;  
Such powre she hath by whom thy youth is lead,  
To ioy the liuing and to bleffe the dead.

So I through beautie made the wofull'ft wight,  
By beautie might haue comfort after death :  
That dying fayrest, by the fayrest might  
Finde life aboue on earth, and rest beneath :  
She that can bleffe vs with one happy breath,  
Giue comfort to thy Muse to doe her best.  
That thereby thou maist ioy, and I might rest.

Thus faide : forthwith mou'd with a tender care  
And pittie, which my felfe could neuer finde :  
What she desir'd, my Muse deyn'd to declare,  
And therefore will'd her boldly tell her minde :  
And I more willing tooke this charge assignd,  
Because her griefes were worthy to be knowne,  
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

## THE COMPLAINT

Then write quoth shee the ruine of my youth,  
Report the doune-fall of my slippry state :  
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,  
To teach to others, what I learnt too late :  
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate  
    Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,  
    And ere they come, to know them tis forbidden.

For whilst the sunn-shine of my fortune lasted,  
I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat  
That euer yet imperious beautie tasted,  
I had what glory euer flesh could get :  
• But this faire morning had a shamefull fet ;  
    Disgrace darkt honor, sinne did clowde my browe,  
    As note the fequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The blood I staind was good and of the best,  
My birth had honor, and my beautie fame :  
Nature and Fortune ioynd to make me blest,  
Had I had grace t' haue knowne to vse the same :  
My education shew'd from whence I came,  
    And all concur'd to make me happy furst,  
    That so great hap might make me more accurst.

Happy

OF ROSAMOND.

Happie liu'd I whilst Parents eye did guide,  
The indiscretion of my feeble wayes :  
And Country home kept me from being eyde,  
Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest dayes ;  
Till that my frindes mine honour fought to rayse,  
To higher place, which greater credite yeeldes,  
Deeming such beauty was vnfit for feeldes.

*Wardsworth*

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,  
From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes :  
There where I perisht, where my youth first err'd ;  
There where I lost the Flowre which honour keeps,  
There where the worser thriues, the better weepes ;  
Ah me poore wench, on this vnhappy shelve  
I grounded me, and cast away my selfe.

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth  
With rarest prooffe of beautie euer seene :  
When my reuiuing eye had learnt the truth,  
That it had powre to make the winter greene,  
And flowre affections whereas none had beene :  
Soone could I teach my browe to tyrannize,  
And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

I.

For

## THE COMPLAINT

For age I saw, though yeeres with cold conceit,  
Congeald theyr thoughts against a warme desire :  
Yet fight their want, and looke at such a baite,  
I saw how youth was waxe before the fire :  
I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lire,  
Yet well perceiu'd how Fortune made me then,  
The enuy of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing,  
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it :  
Or as the saddest tale at suddaine hearing,  
Makes silent listning vnto him that told it ;  
So did my speech when rubies did vnfold it ;  
    So did the blasing of my blush appeere,  
    T' amaze the world, that holds such fights so deere,

Ah beauty Syren, fayre enchaunting good,  
Sweet silent rethorique of perfwading eyes :  
Domb eloquence, whose powre doth moue the blood,  
More then the words, or wisedome of the wife :  
Still harmonie, whose diapason lyes  
    Within a brow, the key which passions moue,  
    To rauish fence, and play a world in loue.

What



OF ROSAMOND.

What might I then not doe whose powre was such?  
What cannot women doe that know theyr powre?  
What women knowes it not I feare too much,  
How bliffe or bale lyes in theyr laugh or lowre?  
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flowre,  
Whilst nature decks her with her proper fayre  
Which cheeres the worlde, ioyes each sight, sweetens th' ayre.

Such one was I, my beautie was mine owne,  
No borrowed blush which banck-rot beauties seeke :  
The newfound flame, a sinne to vs vnknowne,  
Th' adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke :  
Vild staine to honor and to women eeke,  
Seeing that time our fading must detect,  
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impiety of times, chaſtities abator,  
Falshod, wherein thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe denieſt :  
Treaſon, to counterfeit the ſeale of nature,  
The ſtampe of heauen, impreſſed by the hieſt :  
Diſgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lyeſt,  
Idol vnto thy ſelfe, ſhame to the wife,  
And all that honors thee idolatrive.

## THE COMPLAINT

Farre was that finne from vs whose age was pure,  
When simple beautie was accounted best,  
The time when women had no other lure  
But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous brest :  
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest ;  
    These were the weapons which mine honour wunne,  
    In all the conflicts that mine eyes begunne.

Which were not small, I wrought on no meane object,  
A crowne was at my feete, Scepters obaide mee :  
Whom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subject,  
Who did commaund the Land, most humbly praid mee,  
*Henry* the second, that so highly weigh'd mee,  
Founde well by prooffe the priuiledge of Beautie,  
    That it hath powre to counter-maund all duetie.

For after all his victories in Fraunce,  
Tryumphing in the honour of his deedes :  
Vnmatch'd by fword, was vanquisht by a glaunce,  
And hotter warres within his bosome breeds :  
Warres whom whole Legions of desires feedes,  
    Against all which my chastitiy opposes,  
    The felde of honour, vertue neuer loses.

No

OF ROSAMOND.

No armour might bee founde that coulde defend,  
Transpearcing rayes of Chrifall-pointed eyes :  
No Stratagem, no reason could amend,  
No not his age ; yet olde men should be wife :  
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lyes ;  
Let none for seeming fo, thinke Saints of others,  
For all are men, and all haue suckt their Mothers.

Who would haue thought, a Monarch would haue euer  
Obayed his handmaide, of so meane a state ;  
Vultur ambition feeding on his lyuer,  
Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date :  
But happe comes neuer or it comes too late,  
For such a daintie which his youth found not,  
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce allot.

Ah Fortune neuer absolutely good,  
For that some croffe still counterchecks our luck :  
As heere beholde th' incompatible blood,  
Of age and youth was that where on we stuck :  
Whose loathing, we from natures brefts do suck,  
As opposit to what our blood requires ;  
For equall age doth equall like desires.

## THE COMPLAINT

But mightie men in highest honor fitting,  
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold :  
Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,  
May not be suffred once to thinke the 'are old :  
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.

Miserable fortune to forget so farre,  
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needes excuse so great defect,  
For drinking of the *Lethe* of myne eyes :  
H' is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect  
Of maiestie whereon his state relies :  
And now of loues, and pleasures must deuise.  
For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,  
And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by affault he could recover,  
So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires :  
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchast louer,  
The Crowne that could commaund what it requires,  
I lesse priz'd then chastities attires,  
Th' vnstained vaile, which innocents adorne,  
Th' vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And safe mine honor stood till that in truth,  
One of my Sexe, of place, and nature bad :  
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth,  
One in the habit of like frailtie clad,  
One who the liu'ry of like weakenes had.  
A seeming Matrone, yet a sinfull monster,  
As by her words the chafter fort may confter.

Shee set vpon me with the smoothest speech,  
That Court and age could cunningly deuise :  
Th' one autentique made her fit to teach,  
The other learnt her how to subtellife :  
Both were enough to circumuent the wife.  
A document that well may teach the sage,  
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (faith she) behold thy happy chaunce,  
That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,  
Whereby thou maist thy honor great aduaunce,  
Whilst thou (vnhappy) wilt not see thy hap :  
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,  
T' oppose thy selfe against thine owne good fortune,  
That points thee out, and seemes thee to importune.

Doost

## THE COMPLAINT

Dooft thou not see how that thy King thy *Joue*,  
Lightens foorth glory on thy darke estate :  
And showres downe golde and treasure from aboue,  
Whilst thou doost shutte thy lappe against thy fate :  
Fye fondling fye, thou wilt repent too late  
The error of thy youth ; that canst not see  
What is the fortune that dooth followe thee.

Thou must not thinke thy flowre can alwayes florish,  
And that thy beautie will be still admired :  
But that those rayes which all these flames doe nourish,  
Cancelld with Time, will haue their date expyred,  
And men will scorne what now is so desired :  
Our frailtyes doome is written in the flowers,  
Which florish now and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,  
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow :  
I haue beene faire, I must confesse the trueth,  
And stoode vppon as nice respects as thou ;  
I lost my time, and I repent it now ;  
But were I to beginne my youth againe,  
I would redeeme the time I spent in vayne.

But

OF ROSAMOND.

But thou hast yeeres and priuiledge to vse them,  
Thy priuiledge doth beare beauties great feale :  
Besides, the law of nature doth excuse them,  
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale :  
Esteeme not fame more then thou doost thy weale,  
Fame, wherof the world seemes to make such choyce :  
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voyce.

Then why should thys respect of honor bound vs,  
In th' imaginary lists of reputation ?  
Titles which cold feueritie hath found vs,  
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation :  
Melancholies opinion, customs relation ;  
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the fayre,  
To leaue the sweete for Castles in the ayre.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,  
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne :  
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,  
Which should haue rep'd the glory they had fowne,  
And many haue it, yet vnworthy knowne.  
So breathes his blasts this many-headed beaft,  
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least.

K.

The

## THE COMPLAINT

The subtile Citty-women better learned,  
Esteeme them chaste ynough that best seeme so :  
Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,  
Their face bewraies not what their bodies doe ;  
Tis warie walking that doth fastiest goe.

With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,  
Babes are beguild with sweetes, and men with shewes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,  
And let not honor from thy sports detract :  
Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparent,  
That those who see thy face can iudge the fact ;  
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.

And seeme the chaste, which is cheefest arte,  
For what we seeme each sees, none knowes our harte.

The mightie who can with such finnes dispence,  
In steed of shame doe honors great bestow :  
A worthie author doth redeeme th' offence,  
And makes the scarlet finne as white as snow.  
The Maiestie that doth descend so low,  
Is not defilde, but pure remains therein :  
And being sacred, sanctifies the finne.

What



OF ROSAMOND.

What, doost thou stand on thys, that he is olde,  
Thy beauty hath the more to worke vppon :  
Thy pleasures want shal be supply'd with gold,  
Cold age dotes most when the heate of youth is gone :  
Enticing words preuaile with such a one,  
Alluring shewes most deepe impressiō strikes,  
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interrupt she leaues me in a doubt,  
When loe began the combat in my blood :  
Seeing my youth inuirond round about,  
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood ;  
Small my defence to make my party good,  
Against such powers which were so surely layde,  
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilful mayde.

Treason was in my bones my selfe confpyring,  
To sell my selfe to lust, my foule to sinne :  
Pure-blushing shame was in retiring,  
Leauing the sacred hold it glory'd in.  
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,  
When cleaner thoughts my weakenes can vpbray  
Against my selfe, and shame did force me fay,

THE COMPLAINT

Ah *Rofamond*, what doth thy flesh prepare,  
Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame :  
Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,  
T' intombe with blacke reproch a spotted name,  
Leauing thy blufh the collours of thy shame.

Opening thy feete to finne, thy foule to luft,  
Graceleffe to lay thy glorie in the duft.

Nay firft let th' earth gape wide to fwallow thee,  
And fhut thee vp in bofome with her dead :  
Ere Serpent tempt thee taſte forbidden tree,  
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed :  
Suffring thy ſelfe by luſt to be miſled ;  
So to diſgrace thy ſelfe and grieue thine heires,  
That *Cliffords* race ſhould ſcorne thee one of theys.

Neuer wiſh longer to inioy the ayre,  
Then that thou breath'ſt the breath of chaſtitie :  
Longer then thou preferu'ſt thy foule as faire,  
As is thy face, free from impuritie :  
Thy face that makes th' admired in euery eye :  
Wher natures care ſuch rarities inroule,  
, Which vſ'd amiſſe, may ſerue to damne thy foule.

But

OF ROSAMOND.

But what? he is my King and may constraine me,  
Whether I yeelde or not I liue defamed :  
The worlde will thinke authority did gaine me,  
I shal be iudg'd hys loue, and so be shamed :  
We see the fayre condemn'd, that neuer gamed.  
And if I yeeld, tis honorable shame,  
If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the fame.

What way is left thee then vnhappy mayde,  
Whereby thy spotlesse foote may wander out  
Thys dreadfull danger, which thou seeest is layd,  
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?  
Thy simple yeeres cannot resolute this doubt.  
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,  
But in despight some scandall will be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equallie precize,  
Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sinne :  
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,  
And glittering pompe my vanitie did winne ;  
When to excuse my fault my lusts beginne,  
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton claufe,  
That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

## THE COMPLAINT

So well the golden balles cast downe before me,  
Could entertaine my course, hinder my way :  
Whereat my rechlesse youth stooping to store me,  
Loft me the gole, the glory, and the day.  
Pleasure had set my wel-skoold thoughts to play,  
And bade me vse the vertue of mine eyes,  
For sweetly it fits the fayre to wantonise

Thus wrought to sinne, soone was I traind from Court,  
To a solitarie Grange there to attend :  
The time the King should thether make resort,  
Where he loues long desired-work should end.  
Thether he daily meffages doth send,  
With costly iewels orators of loue :  
Which (ah too well men know) doe women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,  
He greets me with a Casket richly wrought :  
So rare, that arte did seeme to striue with nature,  
T' expresse the cunning work-mans curious thought ;  
The mistery whereof I prying fought.  
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,  
*Amymone* how she with *Neptune* stroue.

*Amymone*

OF ROSAMOND.

*Aymone* old *Danaus* fayrest daughter,  
As she was fetching water all alone  
At *Lerna* : whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,  
From whom she stru'd and strugled to be gone,  
Beating the ayre with cryes and pittious mone.  
But all in vaine, with him sh' is forc'd to goe :  
Tis shame that men should vse poore maydens fo.

There might I see described how she lay,  
At those proude feete, not satisfied with prayer :  
Wailing her heauie hap, cursing the day,  
In act so pittious to expresse dispaire :  
And by how much more greeu'd, so much more fayre ;  
Her teares vpon her cheekes poore carefull gerle,  
Did seeme against the funne cristall and perle.

Whose pure cleere streames, which loe so faire appeares,  
Wrought hotter flames, O myracle of loue,  
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,  
And makes neglected beautie mightier proue :  
Teaching afflicted affects to moue ;  
To shew that nothing ill becomes the fayre,  
But crueltie, that yeeldes vnto no prayer.

Thys

## THE COMPLAINT

This hauing viewd and therewith something moued,  
Figured I found within the other squares :  
Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deerely loued,  
In her affliction how she strangely fares,  
Strangelie distreff'd, (O beautie borne to cares)  
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with ielous eyes,  
Alwaies in danger of her hatefull spyes.

These presidents presented to my view,  
Wherein the preface of my fall was showne :  
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,  
And others harmes haue made me shunne mine owne ;  
But fate is not preuented though fore-knowne.  
For that must hap decreed by heauenly powers,  
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,  
Then miseries vnkend before they come :  
Who can the characters of chaunce discipher,  
Written in clowdes of our concealed dome ?  
Which though perhaps haue beene reueald to some,  
Yet that so doubtfull as successe did proue them,  
That men must know they haue the heauens abouethē.

OF ROSAMOND.

I fawe the finne wherein my foote was entring,  
I fawe how that difhonour did attend it,  
I fawe the flame whereon my flefh was ventring,  
Yet had I not the powre for to defende it ;  
So weake is fence when error hath condemn'd it :  
    We fee what 's good, and thereto we confent vs ;  
    But yet we choofe the worft, and foone repent vs.

And now I come to tell the worft of ilnes,  
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere :  
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in ftilnes,  
And dreadfull blacke, had difpoffeff'd the cleere :  
Com'd was the night, mother of sleepe and feare,  
    Who with her fable mantle friendly couers,  
    The fweet-ftolne sports, of ioyfull meeting Louers.

When loe I ioynde my Louer not my Loue,  
And felt the hand of luft moft vndefired :  
Enforc'd th' vnprooued bitter fweete to proue,  
Which yeeldes no mutuall pleasure when tis hired.  
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required,  
    Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,  
    What tis to co come vnto a loathed bed.

L.

But

## THE COMPLAINT

But foone his age receiu'd his fhort contenting,  
And fleepe feald vp his languifhing defires :  
When he turnes to his reft, I to repenting,  
Into my felfe my waking thought retires :  
My nakednes had prou'd my fences liers.

Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein,  
For firft we tafte the fruite, then fee our fin.

Now did I find my felfe vnparadif'd,  
From thofe pure fieldes of my fo cleane beginning :  
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduif'd,  
My flefh gan loathe the new felt touch of finning :  
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at firft winning.

For nature checks a new offence with lothing :  
But vfe of finne doth make it feeme as nothing.

And vfe of finne did worke in me a boldnes,  
And loue in him, incorporates fuch zeale :  
That iealofie increaf'd with ages coldnes,  
Fearing to loofe the ioy of all his weale.  
Or doubting time his stealth might els reueale,  
H' is driuen to deuife fome fubtile way,  
How he might fafelieft keepe fo rich a pray.



OF ROSAMOND.

A stately Pallace he foorthwith did buylde,  
Whose intricate innumerable wayes,  
With such confused errors so beguil'd  
Th' vnguided entlers with vncertaine strayes,  
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delayes,  
    With bootleffe labor leading them about,  
    Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame,  
That seru'd a Center to that goodly round :  
Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,  
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground.  
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,  
    T' entertaine the sence of wanton eyes,  
    Fuell of loue, from whence lusts flames arise.

Heere I inclof'd from all the world a funder,  
The Minotaure of flame kept for disgrace :  
The monster of fortune, and the worlds wonder,  
Liu'd cloystred in so desolate a case :  
None but the King might come into the place.  
    With certaine maides that did attend my neede,  
    And he himselfe came guided by a threed.

## THE COMPLAINT

O Iealoufie, daughter of enuy' and loue  
Most wayward' issue of a gentle Syer ;  
Fostred with feares, thy Fathers ioyes t' improue,  
Myrth-marring Monster, borne a subtile lyer ;  
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desier :  
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,  
Happie were Louers if they neuer knewe thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,  
Conducting trembling passions to our hart :  
Hundred eyed *Argos*, euer waking Spye,  
Pale hagge, infernall fury, pleasures smart,  
Enuious Obseruer, prying in euery part ;  
Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,  
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didst depriue (through false suggesting feare)  
Him of content, and me of libertie :  
The onely good that women holde so deare,  
And turnst my freedome to captiuitie,  
First made a Prisoner, ere an enemy :  
Enioynd the raunsome of my bodies shame,  
Which though I paide could not redeeme the fame.  
What

OF ROSAMOND.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,  
Then to inforce the fayre to liue retired ?  
For what is Beautie if it be not seene,  
Or what is 't to be seene vnlesse admired ?  
And though admyred, vnlesse in loue desired ?  
Neuer were cheekes of Roses, locks of Amber,  
Ordayn'd to liue imprifond in a Chamber.

Nature created Beautie for the view,  
Like as the fire for heate, the Sunne for light :  
The Faire doe holde this priuiledge as due,  
By auncient Charter, to liue most in sight,  
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.  
In vaine our friends in this vse their dehorting,  
For Beautie will be where is most resorting.

Witnest the fayrest streetes that Thames doth visit,  
The wonrdous concourse of the glittering Faire :  
For what rare women deckt with Beautie is it,  
That thither couets not to make repaire.  
The solitary Country may not stay her,  
Heere is the center of all beauties best,  
Excepting *Delia*, left to adorne the West.

## THE COMPLAINT

Heere doth the curious with iudiciall eyes,  
Contemplate beauty gloriously attired :  
And heerein all our cheefest glory lyes,  
To liue where we are prais'd and most desired.  
O how we ioy to see our felues admired,  
    Whilst niggardly our fauours we discover,  
    We loue to be belou'd, yet scorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer moued  
From Countrey safety, from the fields of rest :  
To know the danger to be highly loued,  
And lyue in pompe to braue among the best,  
Happy for me, better had I beene blest ;  
    If I vnluckely had neuer strayde :  
    But liu'd at home a happy Country mayde.

Whose vnaffected innocencie thinks  
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer :  
Sh's deckt with trueth, the Riuer where she drinks  
Doth serue her for her glasse, her counsell giuer :  
She loues sincerely, and is loued euer.

Her dayes are peace, and so she ends her breath,  
True life that knowes not what's to die till death.

So

OF ROSAMOND.

So should I neuer haue beene registred,  
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate :  
Nor had my name enrold with Maydes misled,  
Which bought theyr pleasures at so hie a rate.  
Nor had I taught through my vnhappy fate,  
    This leffon which my selfe learnt with expence,  
    How most it hurts that most delights the fence.

Shame followes finne, disgrace is duly giuen,  
Impietie will out, neuer so closely doone :  
No walles can hide vs from the eyes of heauen,  
For shame must end what wickednesse begun :  
Forth breakes reproch when we least thinke thereon.  
    And thys is euer proper vnto Courts :  
    That nothing can be doone but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lyes most secrete hidden,  
Entring the closet of the Pallace dweller :  
Abroade reuealing what is most forbidden,  
Of trueth and falshood both an equall teller :  
Tis not a garde can serue for to expell her,  
    The sword of iustice cannot cutte her wings,  
    Nor stop her mouth from vttring secrete things.

And

## THE COMPLAINT

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,  
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :  
The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale :  
That she the whole of all our practise learned,  
And watcht a time when least it was discerned,  
In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong,  
With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Laberinth she entred by that threed  
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord :  
Left there by chaunce, referu'd for such a deede,  
Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhord.  
Enrag'd with madnes, scarce she speakes a word,  
But flyes with eger fury to my face,  
Offering me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygreffe that hath lost her whelpe,  
Runs fearcely raging through the woods astray :  
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,  
Furiouly assaults what's in her way,  
To satisfie her wrath, not for a pray :  
So fell she on me in outrageous wise,  
As could Disdaine and Iealousie deuise.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And after all her vile reproches vsed,  
She forc'd me take the poyson she had brought :  
To end the lyfe that had her so abused,  
And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought.  
No crueltie her wrath would leaue vnwrought,  
No spightfull act that to reuenge is common :  
For no beast fearcer then a iealous woman.

*3 stanzas  
omitted*

Those handes that beauties ministers had bin,  
Must now gyue death, that me adorn'd of late :  
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,  
Must now receiue destruction in there-at.  
That body which my lusts did violate,  
Must sacrifice it selfe t' appease the wrong,  
So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.

The poyson soone disperc'd through all my vaines,  
Had dispossess'd my liuing fences quite :  
When naught respecting, death the last of paines,  
Plac'd his pale collours, the 'nsgne of his might,  
Vpon hys new-got spoyle before his right ;  
Thence chac'd my foule, setting my day ere noone,  
When I least thought my ioyes could end so soone.

M.

And

## THE COMPLAINT

And as conuaid t' vntimely funerals,  
My scarce colde corse not suffred longer stay :  
Behold the King (by chance) returning, falls  
T' incounter with the same vpon the way,  
As he repaire to see his deereſt ioy.

Not thinking ſuch a meeting could haue bene,  
To ſee his loue, and ſeeing bene vnſeene.

Iudge thoſe whom chaunce depriues of ſweeteſt treaſure,  
What tis to loſe a thing we hold ſo deare :  
The beſt delight, wherein our ſoule takes pleaſure,  
The ſweet of life, that penetrates ſo neare.  
What paſſions feelles that heart, inforc'd to beare  
The deepe impreſſion of ſo ſtrange a ſight ?  
Tongue, pen, nor art, can neuer ſhew a right.

Amaz'd he ſtandes, nor voyce nor body ſteares,  
Words had no paſſage, teares no iſſue found :  
For ſorrow ſhut vp words, wrath kept in teares,  
Confuſ'd affects each other doe confounde :  
Oppreſſ'd with grieve his paſſions had no bounde :  
Striuing to tell his woes, wordes would not come ;  
For light cares ſpeake, when mightie griefes are dumb.

At



OF ROSAMOND.

At length extremitie breakes out away,  
Through which th'imprifoned voice with teares attended,  
Wayles out a found that forrowes doe bewray :  
With armes a croffe and eyes to heauen bended,  
Vauporing out fighes that to the fkyes afcended.  
Sighes, the poore eafe calamitie affords,  
Which ferue for fpeech when forrow wanteth words

O heauens (quoth he) why doe myne eyes behold,  
The hatefull rayes of this vnhappy fonne?  
Why haue I light to fee my finnes controld,  
With blood of mine owne fhame thus vildly donne?  
How can my fight endure to looke thereon?  
Why doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,  
That from myne eyes my hart cannot abide?

What faw my life, wherein my foule might ioy?  
What had my dayes, whom troubles ftill afflicted?  
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy,  
This ioy, this hope, which death hath interdited :  
This fweete, whose loffe hath all diftreffe afflicted.  
This that did feafon all my fowre of life,  
Vext ftill at home with broyles, abroade in ftife.

## THE COMPLAINT

Vext styll at home with broyles, abroad in strife,  
Diffension in my blood, iarres in my bed :  
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,  
Spending the night in horror, dayes in dred ;  
Such life hath tyrants, and thys lyfe I led.

These myseries goe mask'd in glittering shoves,  
Which wifemen see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these passions doe him ouer-whelme,  
He drawes him neere my bodie to behold it :  
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme  
With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it ;  
And as he in hys carefull armes doth hold it,  
Viewing the face that euen death commends,  
On fencelesse lips, millions of kysses spends.

Pittifull mouth (quoth he) that liuing gauest  
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish :  
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,  
Thys forrowing farewell of a dying kisse.  
And you fayre eyes, containers of my blisse,  
Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer :  
Entomb'd in your sweet circles sleepe for euer.

Ah

OF ROSAMOND.

Ah how me thinks I fee death dallying feekes,  
To entertaine it felfe in loues sweet place :  
Decayed Rofes of difcoloured cheekes,  
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace :  
And ougly death fits faire within her face ;  
    Sweet remnants refting of vermillion red,  
    That death it felfe, doubts whether ſhe be dead.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue theſe plaints,  
The obſequies, the laſt that I ſhall make thee :  
For loe my foule that now already faints,  
(That lou'd thee lyuing, dead will not forfake thee,)  
Haſtens her ſpeedy courſe to ouer-take thee.  
    Ile meete my death, and free my felfe thereby,  
    For ah what can he doe that cannot die ?

Yet ere I die, thus much my foule doth vow,  
Reuenge ſhall ſweeten death with eaſe of minde :  
And I will cauſe poſterity ſhall know,  
How faire thou wert aboue all women kind.  
And after ages monuments ſhall find,  
    Shewing thy beauties title not thy name,  
    Roſe of the world that ſweetned ſo the fame.

## THE COMPLAINT

This said, though more desirous yet to say,  
(For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer)  
He doth repress what griefe would els bewray,  
Least that too much his passions might discover :  
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer.

So farre transported that he knowes not whether,  
For loue and Maiestie dwell ill together.

Then were my funerals not long deferred,  
But doone with all the rites pompe could deuise :  
At *Godstow*, where my body was interred,  
And richly tomb'd in honorable wise.  
Where yet as now scarce any note descrites  
Vnto these times, the memory of me,  
Marble and Braffe so little lasting be.

For those walles which the credulous deuout;  
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found :  
With willing zeale that neuer call'd in doubt,  
That time theyr works should euer so confound,  
Lye like confused heapes as vnder-ground.  
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,  
The wiser ages doe account as folly.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And were it not thy fauourable lynes,  
Reedified the wracke of my decayes :  
And that thy accents willingly affignes,  
Some farther date, and giue me longer daies,  
Fewe in this age had knowne my beauties praise.  
But thus renewd by fame, redeemes some time,  
Till other ages shall neglect thy rime,

Then when confusion in her course shall bring,  
Sad defolation on the times to come :  
When myrth-leffe Thames shall haue no Swan to sing,  
All Musique silent, and the Muses dombe.  
And yet euen then it must be known to some,  
That once they florisht, though not cherisht so,  
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But heere an end, I may no longer stay thee,  
I must returne t' attend at *Stigian* flood :  
Yet ere I goe, thys one word more I pray thee,  
Tell *Delia* now her sigh may doe me good,  
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.  
And if I passe vnto those happy banks,  
Then she must haue her praise, thy pen her thanks.

So

## THE COMPLAINT

So vanisht thee, and left me to returne,  
To profecute the tenor of my woes :  
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne,  
But ah the worlde hath heard too much of those,  
My youth fuch errors must no more disclofe.  
Ile hide the rest, and greeue for what hath beene,  
Who made me knowne, must make me liue vnscene.

FINIS.











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The complaint of Rosamond.



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